

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 7 *CutBank* 7

Article 17

Fall 1976

Raining on the Lake

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Recommended Citation

James, David (1976) "Raining on the Lake," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 7 , Article 17.

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RAINING ON THE LAKE

Raining like the time the creek flooded
the boat livery and all those rowboats
drifted to Lexington and Port Sanilac,
waves swimming against them, stripping
the paint off the sides. One of the boats
they never found is anchored under sand,
hours from shore. Another is still steering
for Canada.

And even I know what it's like to drift,
to drown in coldness, to be crying on the docks,
blind and alone, the water pounding in my face,
the silence screaming between temples.

I stand on the cliff, a willow tree
pulling half the road into water. There is
a woman stumbling drunk at Smitty's, kicking
her car, swearing at it to go home. Out in
the middle of the lake I see an old father
rocking in a rowboat, his arms climbing above
his head, the water swallowing everything.

